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1-1-2016

Entry in Corrections, Page 13

Felipe Cussen

Scott Weintraub

University of New Hampshire, scott.weintraub@unh.edu

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Recommended Citation

Weintraub, Scott. Entry in Corrections. Vol. II. By Felipe Cussen. England: Information as Material, 2016. 13.
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Correcciones

vol. 2

This is perfect: don't change a thing!

This poem is a really excellent idea! Your imagination rules!

I can't see any corrections you need to make. Just let it be for awhile.

I wouldn't touch it. It's perfect just as is. You capture something; well I have never seen anything like that. Don't let anyone make you change that first line; I mean sure it's a cliché, but I love clichés—and it's offensive—I mean no one calls Jews that anymore. But the important thing is it conveys how you think, even if that's scary. Maybe for the next poem you could increase your vocabulary. I mean great things can be done with just the most common words, but sometimes it adds a bit to go outside that list. I don't mean make yourself neo-Baroque! For God's sake. Also you know you don't need to repeat the same sentiment over and over. I know you're mad and you think no one listens to you. But it's not like everyone you don't agree with is a fascist or racist. You know... what about the actual fascists and racists? But hey I can see how this really gets over your point of view. And that's what's important. Revising, trying to make the work aesthetically interesting, that's just a lot elitist nonsense. *Say what you hate.* That's poetry.

I think your poem is super additive for sure. As there's been much written on non-verbal aspects of personal experience, I'm most interested in this idea of "syncopated" qualities of listening (I think this is a great term).

How does your particular training function in the current poetic field and how can we learn from it? And I think there's something very particular in your poem that fits what you're describing here. Does this make sense?

What I'm trying to get at is we all (hopefully) feel our way into the symptoms of the poetic material, using our various "forms of vitality" but I think you bring something totally unique to the field that has developed in tandem with your other intellectual work.

I adore the title!

I've reviewed your latest poem with great interest. Reading it was a very profound experience for me and I was left considerably affected by your prose. This poem is as good as anything else you have ever produced. My one change/editorial suggestion is that you remove your name from the work. Anonymity is so desirable these days, I'm certain your work would achieve far greater recognition with your name removed.

I want to say it is an impressive poem. It is absolutely following a method of modernism, still it should be one of our principles. On the other hand, to use of references on other poets could be more precise, some of Japanese modernists followed the same way, but their achievements are accurate and there are less metaphorical allusions. I recommend you to read poems by Toshiro Sawa or Sawako Hirata, I guess some of their works are translated in English.

I enjoyed your new poem a lot. (You are too modest calling it a “first draft.”) It reminds me a bit of one of my favorites, Robert Lax’s “he was/ following/ a hero,” but you can reach a similar effect without repetitions. One question though: are you sure that it was a good idea to write and share a piece in Hungarian? It is easy for me, but who else will understand you?

I defend completely the poet's decision to quote a found text as a poem, no matter how offensive. The context of the original source should be given free reign in the world, allowed free passage to as many audiences as possible, so that poetry can do its boundary expanding work. But I'm struggling with the title. Please rename the poem. This title gives too much away.

You should have in mind that actually you're building up a score.

Try to have in mind the sounds of these words in that line.

There, in that line, there is no “right” bundle of content, sound and rhythm.

What are you talking of?

You're off to a good start, but if you're going to write a "musical" then you need to look more closely at working professionals. Have you noticed that almost all of the books on how to write songs, lyrics or musicals are written by teachers, and **not** working professionals? Real writers, composers and lyricists rarely try to explain how they create, because the creative process is unique—what works for any one of them may not work for anyone else. Teachers can offer theory and analysis of form, but that doesn't shed any light on the act of artistic creation.

So let's settle this one right up front—**no one can tell you how to create!** A seasoned pro may offer pointers, and people with a wide knowledge of the genre can tell you what forms and approaches have worked up to now, but the bad news is that no one can give you a method or road map to creating a musical.

The Ode to Buffy shows some promise. I like how you forego the more obvious symbolism of the stake by focusing instead on the wrinkles in the vampire's forehead. I'm a little concerned that the critique of academic fandom gets lost in the overwhelming nature of the intertextual references. In that sense, you seem to be reproducing the television show as a kind of ekphrastic exercise rather than developing a sustained interrogation of the ways intellectuals desperately seek affirmation of our cultural obsessions. Also, rhyming couplets? Maybe not the best approach.

Who is the “you” that appears after the red truck crash? Is it the same “you” as in the fourth line? If not, maybe the poem would work better in sections.

How does the speaker know that the woman who walks into the crime scene is a “teacher?” What does a teacher wear? How do you know that a stranger is a teacher?

I would suggest rewriting the first paragraph, it seems like it is not as dynamic as second and third.

Please include a female character in it. It must be a sinister, villain character, representing idea of your lyrical hero's misogynous tendencies related to his childhood psychological trauma.

Consider abolishing that recurrent exclamation "God!"—at the moment it appears 10 times in the whole text.

Would be nice if you could resurrect the protagonist in the final section—I think he deserves immortality for everything you made him to go through.

I'd drop the structure from this a little—it seems to me that this aspect pins it down too much—so, “in its frequency is the junta/Star Trek’s fluidic space jump ether,” etc., maybe...

Lets a bit more dimensionality in and breaks the semantics a bit more aggressively. With that in mind, maybe change “the red ball is a shape” to “the red is a shapeless ball”—more abstract, more porous.

I like the looping structure of the poem, it floats effortlessly through its fits and starts, coughs, and hiccups. The deftly-deployed parade of constraints and long-forgotten tropes bubble up to the surface like entangled particles. To wit: I can't recall the last time I encountered a *jitanjáfora* written in the form of a lipogram.

And yet at times, the poem warbles mournfully like the tacky little tango I just wrote: "Nunca estoy más solito/ que cuando estoy contigo." Where your incursions into formal logic conclude that "the distance between reality and its shadow/ is the age of the universe" I find only self-indulgence, false etymologies and a pretentious cosmology. Jarry may have mathematically proven the existence of God in *Faustroll* but I cringe at your location of an Aleph-like, transparent center of consciousness "in an ionic column/ majestically shading the twin tombs/ of Good and Evil."

On the topic of Borges, who argued that the lack of camels in the Koran (which is actually false, by the way) was sufficient to prove that the book was of Arabic origin: I am puzzled by your gestures towards the evisceration of all locality from the text, situating the poetic voice "neither there nor here/ pluck'd from the very Earth/ as with no origin or abeyance." To tell you the truth, it's like the bottom fell out of the poem itself. For some reason it makes me think of a *Simpsons* "Treehouse of Horror" episode, in which the family is attacked by a fog that turns people inside out. Then their eviscerated corpses dance to a parody of the musical *A Chorus Line*'s hit song "One." Your verses, inside out, on a kick line, a bottomless void.

I enjoyed the poem, especially its tone—even the more plangently blasé parts. But it has a veil of apprehension keeping the metaphors locked. The syntax isn't taut. I can't tell if you're going for a sense of urgency or if you're being verbose to buy time. E.g., the couplet about how the narrator's heart is like a fish can just reduce to an adjective, "fish-hearted"—starker, more concise. I thought of ways to make the part about how the moon is a train more concise but no luck. Also, the entire lackadaisical stanza about surfing seems irrelevant to the rest of the context, which is cold and urban with lots of night music and moving color. I'd suggest suturing this pastel beach stanza and hacking away at it as a separate poem or something. The way it refers to water clashes with the other water references in the poem, where it's "tin foil" too cold to swim in, and "the hard shell of memory." I get that the surfing was a metaphor for memory, but it still just clashes, idk. The bit about the construction tools is interesting, though—the quatrain's latent carnality could be elaborated, in the spirit of something like Lee Lozano's genitalesque tool paintings. And I like the Wittgenstein reference in the relationship stanza when you say "Meaning is use/ How you used me/ is what I meant to you." I totally know that feeling after a relationship ends, and I like that you didn't make this the focus of the poem, instead tying it into the political and philosophical issue of loneliness felt by entire populations in late capitalism. That being said, I do think the "Chekhov's sext" bit is like, almost funny, but mostly gimmicky. OK, last thing: I do want to hear more from the mother's beekeeper, I laughed hard at that part.

On line 3 of your poem, where you write, “today was yesterday,” this should be corrected to “today is today/ yesterday was yesterday.” That way, there is no temporal confusion created in the mind of your reader.

Likewise, in lines 7, 9, and 11, where you leave blanks to indicate a fullness of space and visual pause, please consider filling those blank spaces with words. Your readers already have enough fullness of space and visual pauses in their lives.

Lines 15, 20, and 22-10,555—all these lines should be cut. Your readers will not notice the loss, and environmentalists will thank you for saving trees.

Finally, the closing line, where you praise mosquitoes, glow worms, and toads, should be expanded to include every creature in the animal world.

Splendid work, though. I think you will have much success with this fine poem.

“The Silence of the night in the mountains is so vast”: do you need the “so”?

“His face empties/ of expression”: break the line after “of,” not before.

“of the nothing”: are you sure?

I would use the less precise \cdot rather than th .

The title needs more adjectives. Maybe “extratrapezoidal.”

Never begin a poem with the word “Disdain.” Always use “Racial desegregation instead.”

Transpose “elephant” with “diary,” for a better flow of sound and sense.

Eschew the use of vowels in the second stanza. They slow the poem down.

After the word “for,” insert “distinctions that carry weight but not substance/ capillaries but not blood.”

Never use the word “the” when you can use the word “thee.”

Repeat “Cadastral cadavers” one more time.

I don’t think the reader will understand this part: “Acorns, Oak, Cornmeal, Stable.” Suggest you say “Farina” instead.

Never use “Chile” in a poem. People don’t know if you mean “Chile” or “chile” or “chili” or “chilly.”

I'd like the title to be centered.

For the content of the poem, the paired letters, to be darker (not bold necessarily, but darker if possible), and to all fit on the same page.

There should be a space between the lines "Her vispoing transformed" and "As evening went on,".

"Word bound meaning" should be "word-bound meaning," no?

The star break should come down a space.

The poem was about the unfocused corners of instagram, the moments of event residue. When I finished the first read through I knew there were parts to reconsider but on looking back for them I could only find empty rooms.

Too abstract, for who? More rhythm. More connection to sensibilities, like with the selk'nam. Too much text everywhere, more condensed possibilities. Too personal—leave no evidence, more fuzzy good. More political, more surprises, more specific, more particular, less political. Too disturbing—a laugh?

While your beginning is strong, I lose focus when you split syntax between the “I” and the sudden inclusion of the lower case “i”.

Try inverting the last line of the first stanza by placing yourself at the middle and then remove that mention of “other” by regurgitating the promise you started with.

Copy the last word of the poem and use it to replace the first word of each line.

I'd suggest you drop the following: lines 1, 2, 13, 18, 20-98, 153, 155, 203-309, and everything from "in this slop I sluice!" (line 788 if your periodic marginal notations are correct) to the end of the ninth section of the text.

I think there are better ways to invoke the pain of childbirth as juxtaposed atop the pain of inheritance than (e.g.) spilling an actual drop of your blood atop line 881.

Think of yourself as a whale as you erase each of the syllables concerning minnows, and try to stay away from using the word “desert.” I think that if you substitute “forensic foundations” each time you launch into a description of the salt that you assume is there, you will soon recognize the opportunity to expound on a different syllable entirely. Once you find your rhythm, you should recognize the chance to link your major character. The name “Moby” is overused. You know this, right? Think about the issues of size and species. Is there a supply side issue here? I wonder about the vitality of characters not mentioned. Have you any ideas about inflating their presence before applying the third eraser to your left?

This poem, “Intitulable,” is fine as it is, but you ought to remove 13 of the 23 definite articles. It would also be improved by alternating the tenses from present to past to future, in no particular sequence, in order to maintain the proper chronometric ambiguity. Further improvement would occur if you changed the first person to second person except in that “luminous” central stanza. And you really really need to remove that word “siempre” (so often over-used it has become a moronic cliché) and replace it with “cacanombre”! Finally, I think exchanging the word “nube” for “ubre” would add a certain je-ne-sais-quoi to the poem, don’t you agree?

Delete verbs, nouns, pronouns, adverbs, adjectives, prepositions, conjunctions and interjections.

Add alliteration, assonance, euphony, cacophony, onomatopoeia, stress, pause, enjambment, rime, imagery, paronomasia, metaphor, simile, metonymy, synecdoche, personification, hyperbole and understatement.

Change punctuation.

Change the title.

Change the ending.

On the whole, I felt it a tad too Aristotelian in its movements—look at some of the work done around the recent return of the pastoral.

Sorry I could not be more encouraging.

Your poem does not currently suit the needs and desires of this particular reader. He no longer needs words. There are too many words out there. They assault him non-stop and he can only find some relief in his dreams, but even there they sometimes break through image and emotion and the living and dead speak to him. What he craves is simply silence. He desires that blank space between the words and between the letters. Purge your poem of all the words and the letters and return to the simple emptiness of the page. Now, that's better.

Your poem is a real piece of shit.

Your poem looks like the product of an egocentric and autosatisfied person.

Do you want my opinion? It's impossible to improve your poem!
Throw it away!

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